POLICE TRAP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
another SIMON KIRBY SMASH HIT
Police TRAP
No. 6
THE REAL INSIDE STORY OF THE MAN BEHIND THE BADGE
10¢
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
THESE ONE WAY WINDOWS GET THE EVIDENCE EVERY TIME! THE CRIMINALS NEVER KNOW WE'RE WATCHING THEM!

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

JUDY and JIM DEFY SAVAGE GORILLA!

GR-R-RRR!

HELP! THE GORILLA IS LOOSE!

STAND BACK! I'VE GOT A GUN!

GET BACK!

LOOK! HE'S CLIMBING BACK INTO HIS CAGE!

THAT BOY AND GIRL SAVED OUR LIVES!

YOU KIDS DESERVE A MEDAL! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT "22" RIFLE AND THAT BOW AND ARROW?

WE EARNED THEM SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!

WOW! I'M GONNA SELL SOME OF THAT SALVE TOO!

Wallets
Food Choppers
Carving Sets
Aluminum Ware
Blankets
Typewriters
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Field Glasses
Wrist Watches
Footballs
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Swim Fins

RANGER

ACT NOW!

WE TRUST YOU

Swim Masks
Axe & Knife Sets
Telescopes
Pocket Watches
Footballs
Radios, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for order and catalog to start.
Pen & Pencil Sets
Clocks
Pocket Watches
Bibles
HOLY BIBLE
DON'T DELAY!
22 Calibre Rifles, 1000-Shot Daisy Air Rifles
MAIL COUPON
LET'S GO!

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Tennessee, a real, live Pony for your very own Wrist Watches, Clocks – Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to get started now!

BIG CATALOG!

ACT NOW!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

WE TRUST YOU

OUR 60TH YEAR

Boys-girls Bicycles
Flashlights
Pearls
Ukuleles
Electric Deep Fryer
Wrist Watches
BE FIRST
Wagons
Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE PRICE 35¢
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
SOLD BY AGENTS AND MUSIC STORES EVERYWHERE
Dolls

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99 , Tyrone, Pa. Date .....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ST. ..... R. D. ..... BOX .....

TOWN ..... ZONE NO. ..... STATE .....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 99 , Tyrone, Pa.

WE ARE RELIABLE!

POLICE TRAP Volume 1, Number 6 September, 1955

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THE CITY COP HAD NEVER WORKED ON A HOMICIDE BEFORE...SO WHO COULD BLAME THE TOWN IF IT DIDN'T HAVE MUCH FAITH IN...

The AMATEUR!

SO YOU'RE A **DETECTIVE!** WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THOSE **FOOLS** IN THE CITY WOULD SEND A **BOY**... TO DO A **MAN'S JOB!**

THE BEGINNING HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH **YOU!** THE LITTLE FARM TOWN OF **CARLSHAW,** UPSTATE, HAS A SHERIFF... AND WHAT HAPPENS THERE IS **HIS** PROBLEM---

OH, IT'S YOU! I WAS **HOPING** YOU'D DROP BY---

POLICE TRAP

A MAN DIES. BUT--IT STILL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH **YOU!** FIRST, THE DEPARTMENT SENDS A LETTER TO CARLSHAW.

SHERIFF, WHY GET SO UPSET? SO YOU GOT A LETTER FROM THE CITY POLICE...SO WHAT? AFTER ALL; WE **DO** COME UNDER THEIR JURISDICTION!

OF COURSE WE DO! BUT WHAT DO THEY EXPECT... **MIRACLES?** THREE KILLINGS AND NOT A CLUE! AND THEY WANT TO KNOW WHY I'VE GOTTEN NOWHERE!

ALL RIGHT...I'LL **TELL** 'EM WHY! IF THEY THINK THEY ARE SO ALL-FIRED CLEVER, LET'S SEE WHAT **THEY** CAN DO!

THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN. **MART VINCENT,** DETECTIVE, SECOND CLASS. YOU ARRIVE AT CARLSHAW A FEW DAYS LATER. YOU'RE BRAND NEW AT THE JOB--TWO WEEKS AGO YOU WERE STILL A PATROLMAN, AND THE TOWN IS COLD, HOSTILE...

YES? WHAT DO **YOU** WANT?

I'M MART VINCENT, FROM HEADQUARTERS.--THEY TOLD ME I'D FIND YOU HERE. YOU'RE SHERIFF ALLISON?

I'M ALLISON! THIS IS OUR STOREKEEPER, DAVE WILSON. HE'S BEEN GIVING ME A HAND. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

BUT WE DIDN'T EXPECT A--A BOY! NO OFFENCE, VINCENT, BUT THIS TOWN IS MIGHTY UPSET! FOLKS ARE SCARED... YOU UNDERSTAND--

SURE, YOU INDERSTAND. YOU CAN FEEL THE CHILL IN THE AIR. IT GETS YOU, A LITTLE. BUT YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT SAYS IN THE BOOK... LOOK. OBSERVE. REMEMBER. ASK.

OF COURSE. IS THIS THE SHACK WHERE THE THIRD CRIME WAS COMMITTED?

WHAT DID YOU THINK..THAT WE WERE TEARING UP THE PLACE JUST FOR THE **EXERCISE?**

MARTIN KEPT HIS SAVINGS BEHIND A LOOSE BOARD IN THE WALL. WE ALL KNEW ABOUT IT. I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THE MONEY WAS GONE! IN MURDER, THERE HAS TO BE A MOTIVE... REMEMBER?

MAYBE THEY DIDN'T TEACH HIM **THAT** AT THE POLICE ACADEMY, SHERIFF! THEY DO THINGS **SCIENTIFIC...** IN THE CITY!

The CROWD IS CLANNISH, RESENTFUL OF YOU--ESPECIALLY THE SHERIFF. BUT HE GIVES YOU THE WHOLE PICTURE. IT ISN'T MUCH--

THAT'S IT VINCENT--- MARTIN WAS A RETIRED STABLEMAN. KING AND HERVEY WORKED AT THE SUNSET RACETRACK, UNTIL THEY GOT TOO OLD!

THEN ALL THREE OF THE VICTIMS WORKED WITH, OR AROUND HORSES...AND ALL WERE RETIRED!

POLICE TRAP

AND ALL THREE KEPT THEIR SAVINGS AT HOME! I THOUGHT OF THE CONNECTION, SO?--I LIKE HORSES, TOO. SO DOES WILSON. SO DO A MILLION OTHER PEOPLE!

SO... IT ***COULD*** BE A COINCIDENCE... THIS IS A FARM TOWN. LOTS OF PEOPLE AROUND HERE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN HORSES! BUT ***ONE*** THING IS SURE...

...FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, THERE'S NO EVIDENCE THAT THE SLAYER FORCED HIS WAY IN ON ANY OF HIS VICTIMS! SO-- THEY MUST HAVE ***KNOWN*** HIM!

YOU DON'T SAY? VERY INTERESTING-- EXCEPT FOR ***ONE*** THING! EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN CARLSHAW KNOWS EVERY OTHER...SO WHERE DOES ***THAT*** LEAVE ***YOU!***

*The SHERIFF CUTS YOU DOWN... AND THE CROWD GRINS. YOU FEEL LIKE A FOOL. BUT NEXT DAY, YOU VISIT THE SCENES OF THE OTHER CRIMES WITH WILSON. AT LEAST **HE** TRIES TO HIDE HIS RESENTMENT OF YOU!*

WELL, THAT'S ***THAT!*** NOTHING. MISTER WILSON, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE DEAD MEN?

JUST ABOUT WHAT THE SHERIFF DID, VINCENT! THEY WERE ALL GOOD MEN... ***HONEST MEN!***

HONEST? ARE YOU ***CERTAIN*** OF THAT? IF THERE WERE JUST SOMETHING BESIDES AN INTEREST IN HORSES TO TIE THEM TOGETHER--

SOMETHING-- ***CROOKED,*** PERHAPS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEING BADLY TREATED... BUT--IF YOU'RE GOING TO SLANDER FRIENDS OF MINE... ***GOOOBYE, MISTER VINCENT!***

YOU EVEN ALIENATE WILSON, FINALLY. HE TAKES OFF, ANGRILY. AND YOU FOLLOW, FEELING STUPID AND INADEQUATE. THIS ISN'T HOW IT WAS IN THE BOOK. THEN, SUDDENLY, YOUR NERVES ARE QUIVERING--FROM AHEAD, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, COMES THE SOUND OF A SHOT...

CRACK!!

VINCENT! ***LOOK THERE!*** IT'S-- IT'S A ***BODY!***

POLICE TRAP

THE MAN IN THE DITCH IS DEAD, A FARMER, WHO HAD BEEN BRINGING IN HIS COWS. YOU AND WILSON SEARCH THE AREA, BUT YOU FIND NO ONE...

THIS--THIS IS **INSANE!** VINCENT, THE SLAYER **COULDN'T** HAVE JUST VANISHED! HE **MUST** BE AROUND SOMEWHERE!

MAYBE... BUT IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN JUST TWO OF US TO FIND HIM! WHAT I'M WONDERING IS WHY HE KILLED A MAN WHO HAD LESS THAN A DOLLAR IN HIS POCKETS!

THIS TIME THE VICTIM IS NOT A MAN INTERESTED IN HORSES, AND HE HAS NOT BEEN ROBBED! FOR DAYS AFTER THAT YOU GO BY THE BOOK... YOU SIT AROUND WILSON'S STORE, AND THINK...

CITY DETECTIVE... **BAH!** IT'S GOT SO FOLKS ARE AFRAID TO GO OUT NIGHTS, AND WHAT DOES **HE** DO? **NOTHING!**

ALL RIGHT, STEVENS, THAT'LL DO! THE WAY I HEAR IT, CITY DETECTIVES ARE PRETTY SMART! LET'S WAIT AND SEE...

SURE! AND WHILE THAT **AMATEUR** IS MAKING UP HIS MIND WHAT TO DO, WE'LL ALL BE MURDERED IN OUR BEDS!

VINCENT! HELLO... BEEN MAKING ANY PROGRESS?

I'VE TALKED TO JUST ABOUT EVERYONE IN TOWN... AND I'VE DONE SOME THINKING. NOW, I'M GOING BACK TO THE CITY!

SO YOU'RE QUITTING! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

BUT THE SHERIFF IS WRONG. YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA. YOU LEAVE, AND A DAY LATER; THE TOWN ERUPTS!

FOR THE LAST TIME-- GO HOME! ALL OF YOU! **LOOK!** THERE'S NOTHING I CAN TELL YOU. I'LL FIND THE CULPRIT!

WILL YOU? AND WHAT HAPPENS IN THE MEAN-TIME? WHAT ARE **WE** SUPPOSED TO DO? DIE ONE BY ONE WHILE YOU TWIDDLE YOUR THUMBS?

The TOWN NEVER REALLY GETS UGLY. THE PEOPLE ARE JUST FRIGHTENED. BUT THEY HOUND THE SHERIFF, FOLLOW HIM. WHEN YOU GET BACK, THEY'RE STILL AT IT...

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH! **OUT!** THE SHERIFF IS DOING ALL HE CAN! AS LONG AS A MAN DOES HIS BEST, WHAT **MORE** DO YOU WANT?

WE WANT THE **SLAYER!** MAYBE WE OUGHT TO SEND FOR THAT AMATEUR DETECTIVE FROM THE CITY AGAIN-- HE CAN'T DO ANY WORSE THAN THE SHERIFF!

IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT? ALL RIGHT... **THERE HE IS!** LET HIM FIND THE SLAYER!

I THINK-- I HAVE, SHERIFF!

POLICE TRAP

THAT STOPS THEM. BUT YOU DON'T NAME THE KILLER RIGHT OFF. YOU'VE GOTTEN TO KNOW THESE PEOPLE. THEY CAN BE LED, BUT NOT DRIVEN...

YOU'VE WHAT?

I SAID -- I'VE FOUND THE KILLER, SHERIFF! -- HE'S RIGHT HERE... IN THIS ROOM!

ONE OF -- US? YOU'RE JOKING! WHO IS IT?

THAT CAN WAIT A WHILE! FIRST -- I'LL TELL YOU WHY THE VICTIMS WERE SLAIN. THREE MEN -- ALL INTERESTED IN HORSES... AND A FOURTH, WHO WASN'T! SOUNDS LIKE A PUZZLE, DOESN'T IT?

BUT IT ISN'T A PUZZLE WHEN YOU STOP AND THINK THAT THE THREE MEN WERE INTERESTED IN JUST ONE TYPE OF HORSES... RACE HORSES! WHOEVER SHOT THEM SHARED THAT INTEREST -- BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON!

WHOEVER KILLED THEM WAS INTERESTED IN RACE HORSES.. FOR PROFIT! I'VE BEEN IN THE CITY, CHECKING -- TRYING TO FIND THE NAME OF A CITIZEN OF CARLSHAW WHO'S BEEN BETTING ON THE HORSES -- AND LOSING!

AND -- YOU FOUND THE NAME?

I FOUND IT. THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO SHARED A COMMON INTEREST WITH THREE OF THE VICTIMS... AND WHO NEEDED MONEY! A FRIEND. YOU WERE FRIENDLY WITH THOSE MEN, WILSON!

I? YOU -- YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD! EVERYONE IN TOWN KNEW THEM! AND WHAT ABOUT THE FARMER?

EVERYONE KNEW THEM -- BUT THEY WERE YOUR FRIENDS! YOU TOLD ME SO, YOURSELF, THE DAY THE FARMER WAS KILLED! HE WAS JUST A COVER-UP, WASN'T HE? TO THROW ME OFF THE TRACK --

YOU ARE INSANE! YOU MUST BE! BUT ---

BUT! BUT THE CROWD HESITATES, LOOKS AROUND. AT THE PICTURES ON THE WALLS OF WILSON'S STORE. PICTURES OF RACE-HORSES. THEN THEY TURN BACK TO WILSON --

IT JUST -- DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! BUT IF VINCENT FOUND OUT THAT YOU'VE BEEN BETTING -- AND LOSING -- IT WOULD MAKE SENSE!

NO! IT'S A LIE!!

POLICE TRAP

ALL RIGHT! GET BACK! ALL OF YOU!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!!

THAT'S WHEN EVERYTHING COMES TO A HEAD. WILSON IS SCARED--SHAKING. BUT THE CROWD IS PAST BEING AFRAID---

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER-- I WARN YOU!

WE'LL COME CLOSER! A LOT CLOSER!

THE CROWD SURGES FORWARD, AND WILSON CAN'T SHOOT ALL OF THEM!

GET HIM!!

ALL RIGHT! I WARNED YOU! IF I GO, SOME OF YOU WILL GO WITH ME--

IT'S ALL OVER IN SECONDS. THIS PART YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH. WILSON HITS HARD. AND YOU'RE THINKING... MAYBE I'LL MAKE A REAL DETECTIVE YET!

NICE GOING, VINCENT-- CONGRATULATIONS! I GUESS... THAT'S ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO SAY--

THANKS!

YOU'RE THINKING--FROM NOW ON, YOU WON'T WORRY ABOUT ANY CASE. BECAUSE YOU'LL KNOW YOU CAN CRACK IT! YOU'RE A COP. BUT YOU'RE STILL YOUNG ENOUGH--- HUMAN ENOUGH--TO GRIN!

NOT BAD... FOR AN AMATEUR... EH, SHERIFF?

THE END

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

Staphylococcus albus Corynebacterium acnes Pityrosporum ovale

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our GUARANTEE. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only $2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending $2 with order. ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. *SEND COUPON TODAY!*

WARD LABORATORIES, Dept. 6607-B
19 West 44th St. New York 36, N. Y.

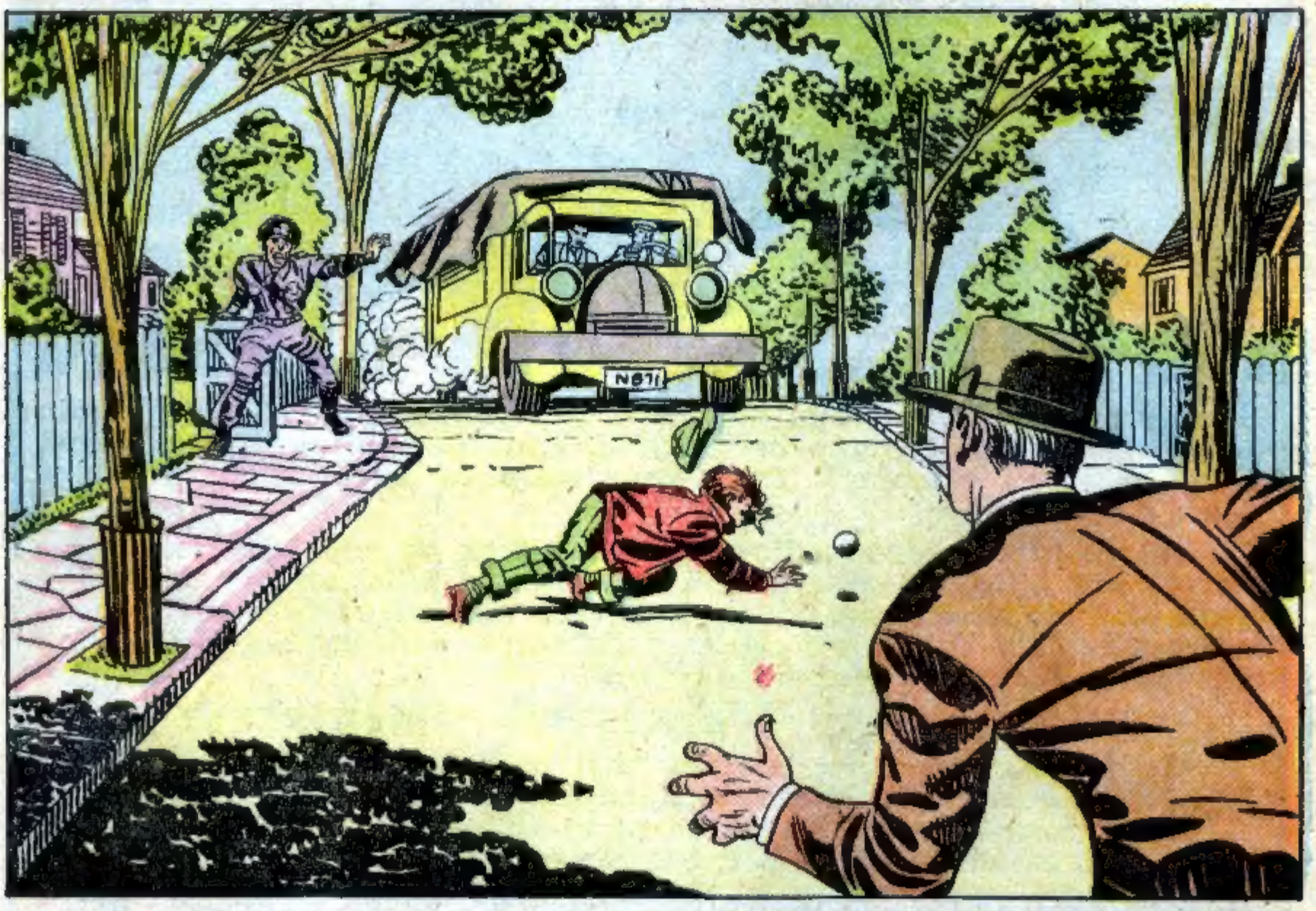
☐ I enclose $2.00, send prepaid
☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay $2.00 plus postage

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State ____

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THE MAN IS A CRIMINAL, AND YOU'RE A COP. IT'S YOUR JOB TO TAKE HIM IN. SIMPLE. BUT YOU OWE HIM SOMETHING... YOUR SON'S LIFE! SO NOW YOU'VE GOT TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE GOING TO PAY---

THE DEBT



ANOTHER TIME, YOU'D KNOW THE MAN RIGHT OFF. ANOTHER TIME, YOU WOULDN'T START TO RUN, KNOWING THAT YOU CAN'T MAKE IT. ANOTHER TIME, THAT WOULDN'T BE YOUR SON LYING THERE...

POLICE TRAP

IF CARPENTER'S FACE DOESN'T REGISTER AT FIRST, WHO CAN BLAME YOU? WHEN YOU HUG JOEY TO YOU, YOUR LEGS ARE PUTTY, YOUR EYES ARE FOGGED, MISTED WITH RELIEF...

MISTER... I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! I CAN **NEVER** PAY YOU BACK! BUT IF EVER I CAN -- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS **ASK!**

HE'S YOUR... KID?

YES. I LIVE RIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK... NUMBER 59! MY NAME'S SHEA. IF YOU EVER WANT ME -- I'LL BE THERE!

THANKS! BUT -- IT'S OKAY. FORGET IT!

FORGET IT? YOU'LL **NEVER** FORGET IT! JOEY IS YOUR WHOLE LIFE! THE MAN WALKS AWAY, AND YOU TAKE JOEY TO HIS MOTHER. AND AT FIRST YOU DON'T EVEN REALIZE THAT YOU NEVER ASKED THE MAN HIS NAME...

WALT, JOEY IS ALL RIGHT -- REALLY! HE WAS JUST SCARED! HADN'T YOU BETTER GO? YOU'LL BE LATE...

YES... I GUESS I'D BETTER. I JUST FEEL SORT OF -- SICK. WE CAME SO CLOSE... TO LOS NG HIM!

IT'S HARD, LEAVING. YOU'VE GOT SUCH PLANS FOR JOEY. BUT YOU'RE DUE ON POST. YOU DRIVE TO THE PRECINCT, CHECK IN. THEN YOU WALK, AND THINK...

GOOD AFTERNOON, OFFICER SHEA --

WELL! YOU'D THINK A POLICEMAN WOULD AT LEAST HAVE MANNERS ENOUGH TO ANSWER!

CARPENTER... **HARRY CARPENTER!** THERE'S A WANTED NOTICE ON HIM DOWN AT THE STATION! **THAT'S** WHERE I SAW HIM BEFORE!

HARRY CARPENTER... ROBBER, THIEF, HOODLUM. NOW, YOU **KNOW!** YOU CALL THE DESK. THEN -- YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED JUST A FEW HOURS AGO --

SHEA, SERGEANT -- POST ELEVEN. I-I --

YEAH?

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To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends

A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too Plastic 14 inches long with white tips and a black center 5 exciting tricks—Rises jumps produces silk etc
No 240 . . . . . **1.50**

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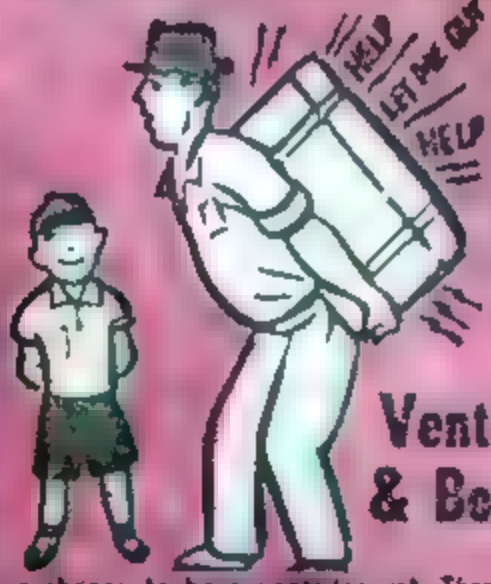
Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again More fun than a "barrel of monkeys"
No 141 **50¢**

THROW YOUR VOICE



Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist"
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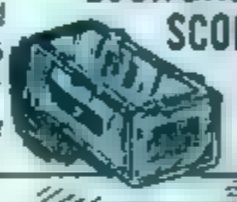
RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh talk crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio Easily attached to most standard radios Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high . . . . No 112 **1.98**

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching Fun everywhere you go
No 145 **35¢**



LOOK-BACK SCOPE

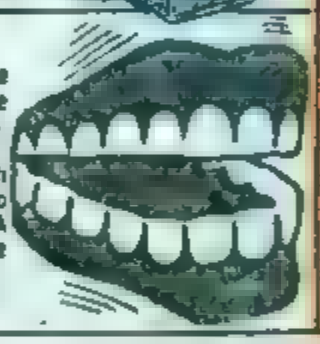
WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! it gives forth embarrassing noises Made of rubber, and inflatable A scream at parties and gatherings
No. 247 . . . **50¢**

TRICK BASEBALL

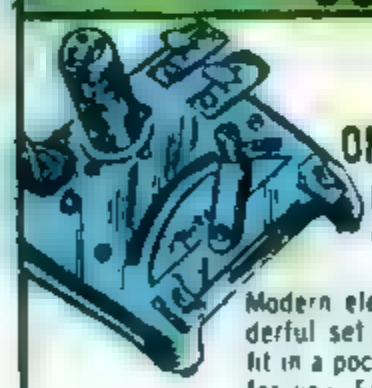
It bounces cockeyed, it curves it dips it's impossible to catch It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball No 158 **50¢**

TALKING TEETH



They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good (it really embarrass them) it's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away like crazy A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights.
No. 513 . . . . . **1.25**

POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO



Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible So small it will fit in a pocket Everything is supplied for you Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver No soldering required Really powerful too Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home Learn many useful and important things about radio
No 205 **3.98**

MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE

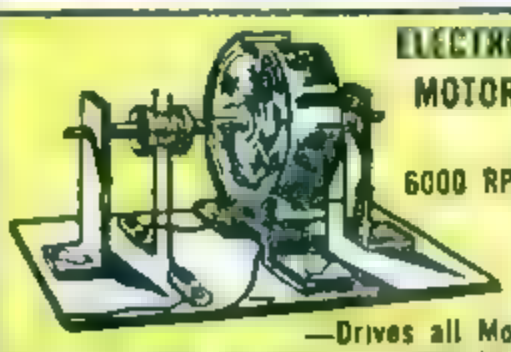
BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside They twist it and turn it to see but all they do is blacken their eyes
No. 216 . . . . . **25¢**

Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. . . . . **6.98**

ELECTRIC MOTOR



6000 RPM

—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢ This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high power motor And the fun you are going to get from using it It's so simple and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpms of power to work for you The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute
No 052 Only **50¢**

JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation" Absolutely harmless
No 239 . . Only **50¢**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

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Cannot ship orders totaling less than $1.00 U.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose _____ in full payment The Honor House Products Corp will pay postage
☐ Send C O D I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POLICE TRAP

WELL? COME ON, SHEA--LET'S HAVE IT! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? YOU WEREN'T DUE TO CHECK IN FOR TWENTY MINUTES!

SHEA! ARE YOU STILL THERE?

I'M HERE--SERGEANT! I THOUGHT I'D BETTER REPORT SOMETHING! I SAW--HARRY CARPENTER TODAY. WE'VE GOT A **W.P.** ON HIM. I SAW HIM IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD, JUST BEFORE I CAME ON DUTY!

YOU'VE **GOT** TO DO THAT... YOU **MUST!** BUT AFTER, YOU FEEL ROTTEN, AT MIDNIGHT, WHEN YOU REPORT OUT, YOU'RE ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK--

OH, SERGEANT-- ABOUT CARPENTER-- DID THEY-- GET HIM?

NOT YET!--HE'S IN **YOUR** NEIGHBORHOOD, ALL RIGHT! THERE'S A CORDON AROUND THE SECTION!

*RIGHT OR WRONG--YOU ALMOST FEEL RELIEVED. YOU'RE A COP, SURE... BUT YOU'RE A **MAN,** TOO! ALMOST, YOU WISH CARPENTER LOTS OF LUCK--HE'LL NEED IT!*

BAD ACTOR, THAT CARPENTER--- BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY!" WHEN THEY BRING HIM IN, IT WILL PROBABLY BE ON A **STRETCHER!**

*YOU OWE CARPENTER YOUR SON'S LIFE--AND HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE...BECAUSE OF **YOU!** WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOUR INSIDES FEEL LIKE THEY ARE TIED IN KNOTS...*

YOU! WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING HERE? WHERE'S MY WIFE?

EASY, COP! SHE AND THE KIDS ARE UPSTAIRS, ASLEEP! I DIDN'T BOTHER THEM. I CAME IN THE WINDOW. I'M ON A **SPOT!**

BUT I GUESS YOU KNOW **THAT!** FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT, ISN'T IT? YOU SAID IF EVER I NEEDED A **FAVOR,** JUST TO ASK! OKAY-- I'M **ASKING!**

A **FAVOR!** YOU'RE **WANTED...** YOU'RE A **MURDERER!!**

POLICE TRAP

YOU DIDN'T CARE **WHAT** I WAS WHEN, I SAVED YOUR KID'S LIFE! I DON'T ASK MUCH ALL I'M ASKING IS TO STAY HERE TILL MORNING!

MEANING--UNTIL THE POLICE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FIGURE YOU GOT AWAY-- AND LEAVE! YOU'RE **CRAZY**, CARPENTER-- **I'M A COP!**

CARPENTER, DON'T ASK ME... I **CAN'T!**

I'M **STILL** ASKING! MY LIFE-- FOR YOUR KID'S!--EVEN STEVEN. HOW ABOUT IT, SHEA? I SAW HOW YOU LOOKED AT THE KID--YOU KNOW YOU **CAN'T** TURN ME IN!

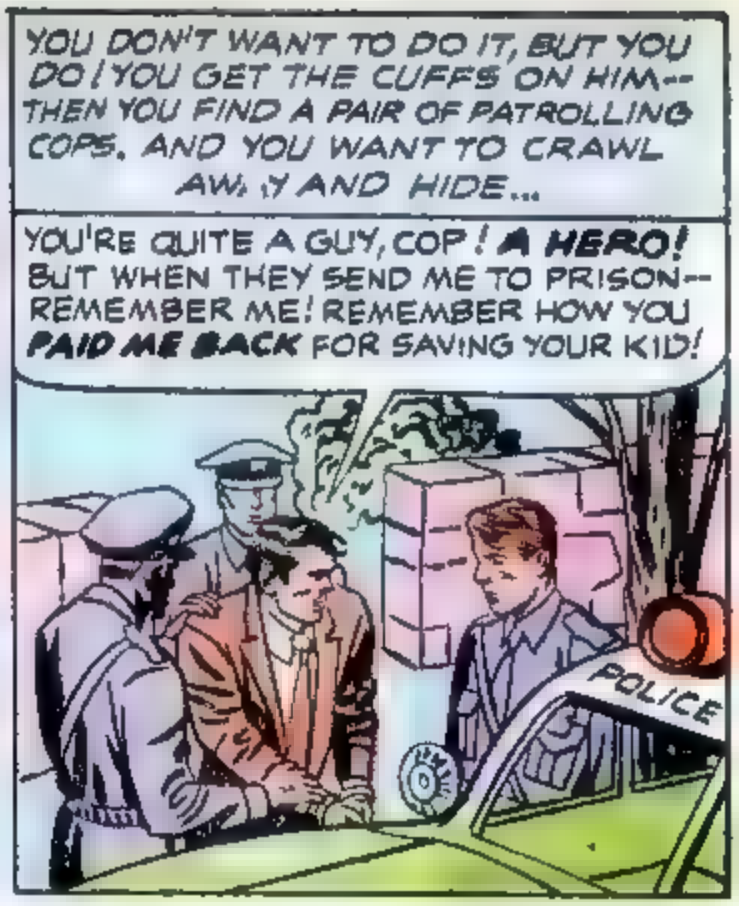
I THINK I'VE GOT YOU FIGURED! YOU'VE GOT A **CONSCIENCE!** SO--I'LL PUT IT TO YOU ANOTHER WAY! HERE--MY GUN--IT'S UP TO YOU! YOU CAN TAKE ME IN-- **OR PAY OFF!**

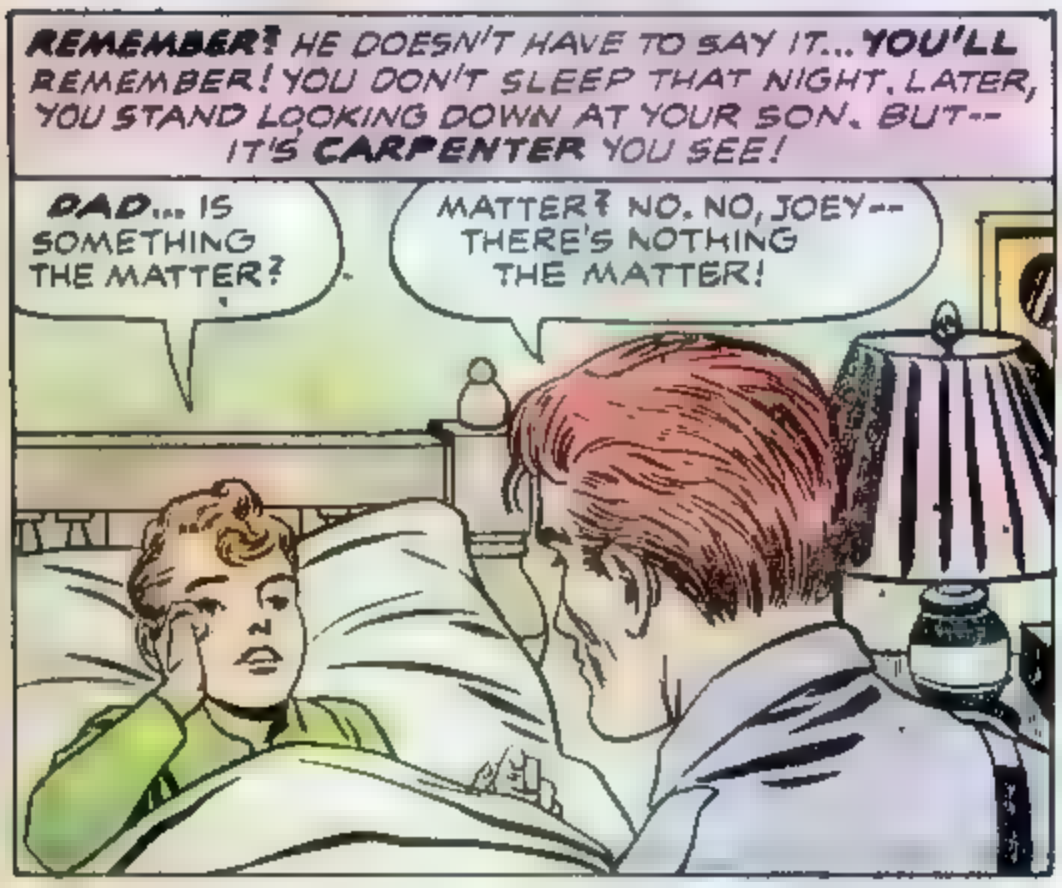
SO--YOU PAY OFF, EH?--I **THOUGHT** YOU WOULD! THAT'S WHERE GUYS LIKE ME HAVE IT OVER GUYS LIKE YOU, DON'T WE, SHEA?--**I** CAN'T AFFORD A CONSCIENCE!

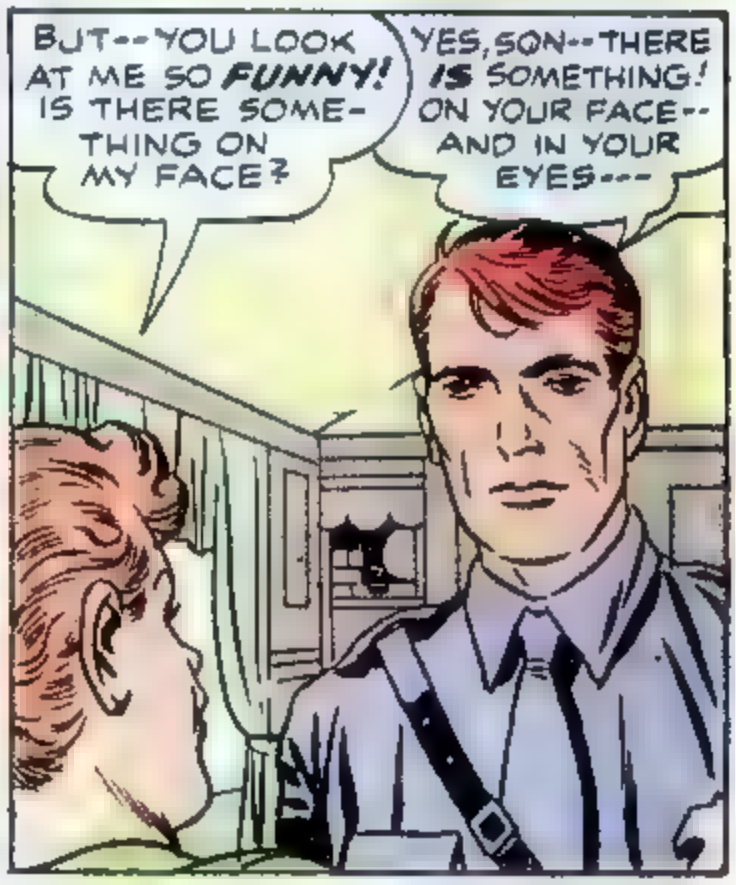
CARPENTER SUMS IT UP NEATLY--YOU'VE **GOT** A CONSCIENCE...BUT--THAT'S JUST WHY HE LOSES!

LET IT LAY, CARPENTER--**I'M TAKING YOU IN!**

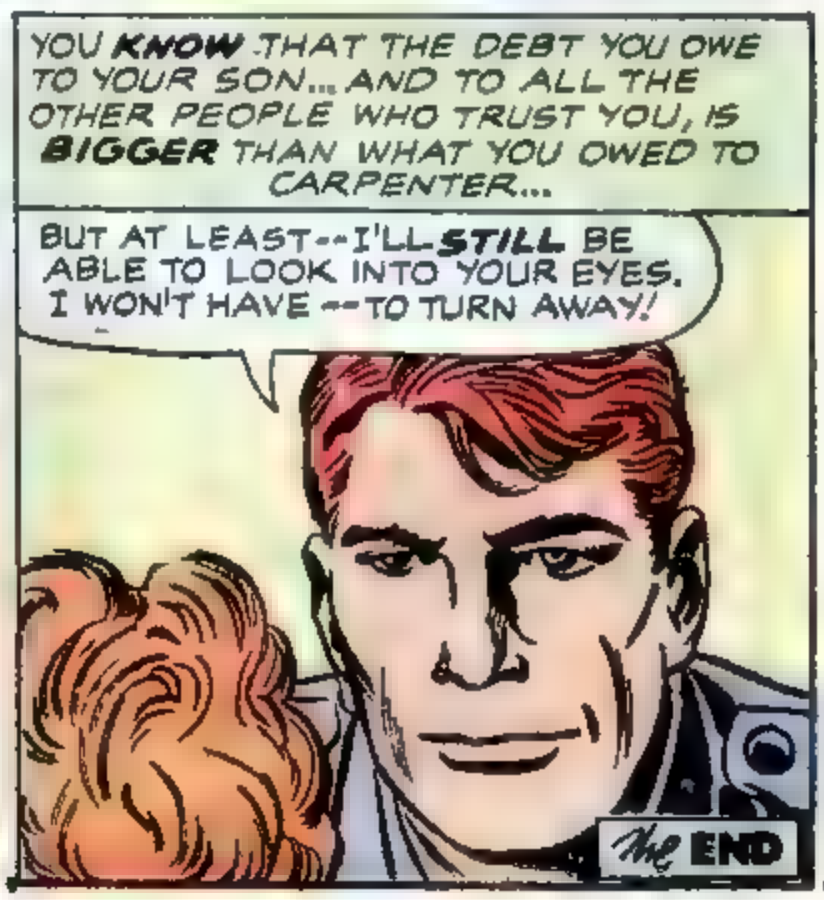
POLICE TRAP


YOU DON'T WANT TO DO IT, BUT YOU DO! YOU GET THE CUFFS ON HIM-- THEN YOU FIND A PAIR OF PATROLLING COPS. AND YOU WANT TO CRAWL AWAY AND HIDE...
YOU'RE QUITE A GUY, COP! A HERO! BUT WHEN THEY SEND ME TO PRISON-- REMEMBER ME! REMEMBER HOW YOU PAID ME BACK FOR SAVING YOUR KID!
POLICE


REMEMBER? HE DOESN'T HAVE TO SAY IT... YOU'LL REMEMBER! YOU DON'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT. LATER, YOU STAND LOOKING DOWN AT YOUR SON. BUT-- IT'S CARPENTER YOU SEE!
DAD... IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?
MATTER? NO. NO, JOEY-- THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER!

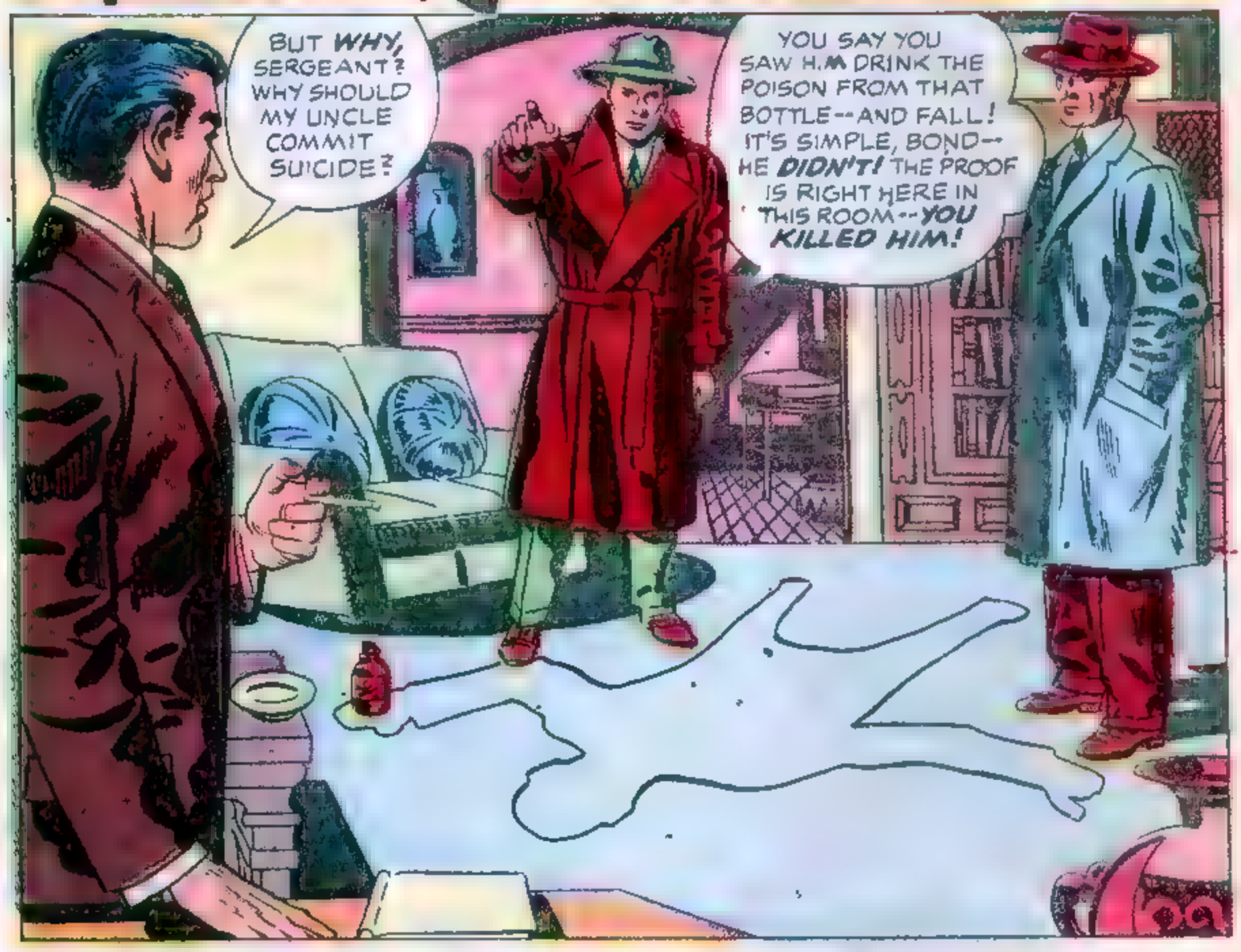


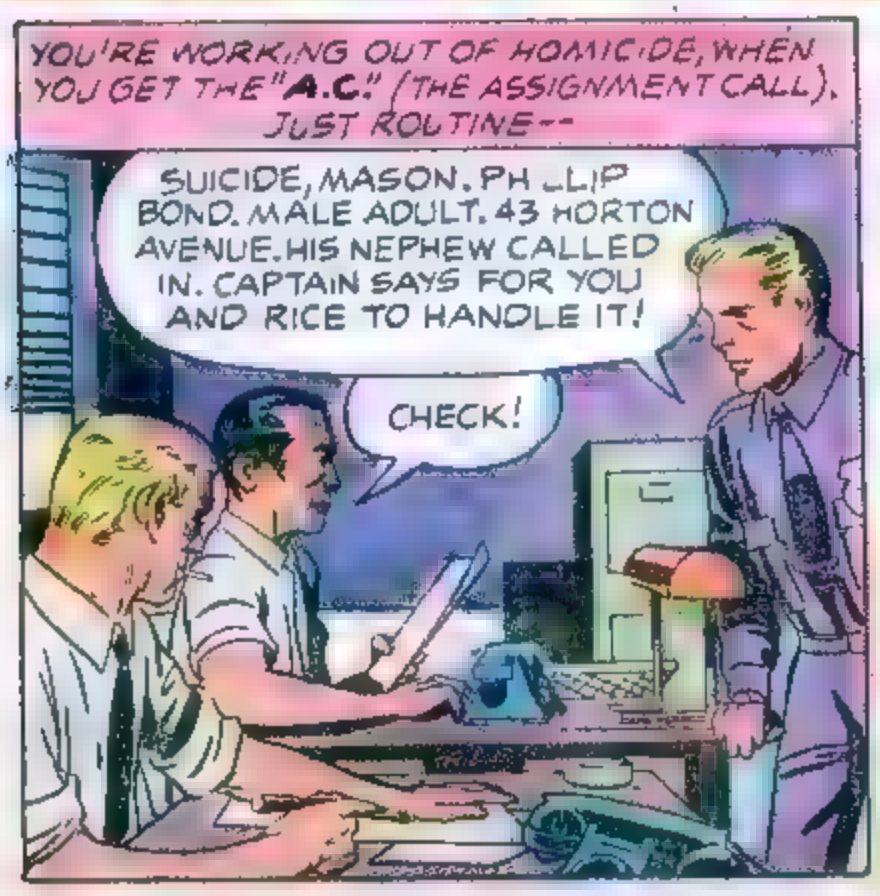
JOEY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. BUT HE LOOKS UP AT YOU TRUSTINGLY, ADMIRINGLY... THE WAY A KID IS SUPPOSED TO LOOK AT HIS FATHER. AND YOU KNOW THAT WHAT YOU'VE DONE WAS RIGHT!

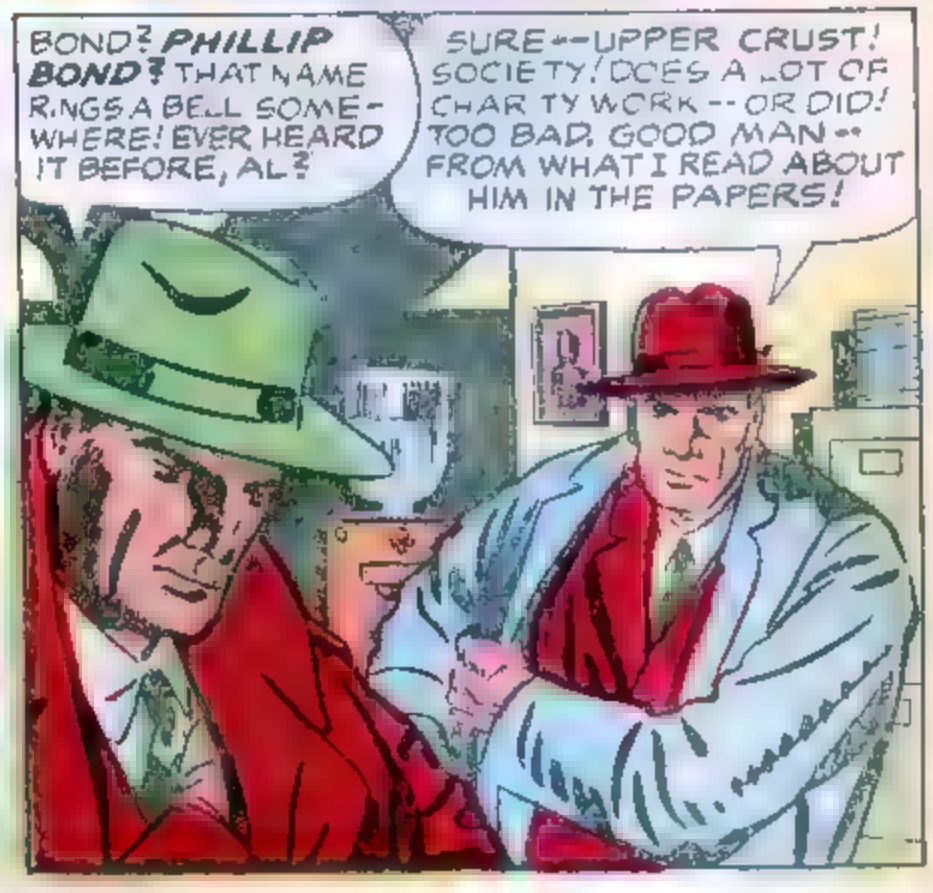

YOU KNOW THAT THE DEBT YOU OWE TO YOUR SON... AND TO ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO TRUST YOU, IS BIGGER THAN WHAT YOU OWED TO CARPENTER...
BUT AT LEAST-- I'LL STILL BE ABLE TO LOOK INTO YOUR EYES. I WON'T HAVE -- TO TURN AWAY!
THE END

THE POLICE AREN'T GENIUSES... THEY DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING! BUT SOMEHOW THEY ALWAYS MANAGE TO COME UP WITH THE ANSWER TO ONE PARTICULAR...

$64 QUESTION


BUT WHY, SERGEANT? WHY SHOULD MY UNCLE COMMIT SUICIDE?
YOU SAY YOU SAW H.M DRINK THE POISON FROM THAT BOTTLE--AND FALL! IT'S SIMPLE, BOND--HE DIDN'T! THE PROOF IS RIGHT HERE IN THIS ROOM--YOU KILLED HIM!


YOU'RE WORKING OUT OF HOMICIDE, WHEN YOU GET THE "A.C." (THE ASSIGNMENT CALL). JUST ROUTINE--
SUICIDE, MASON. PH LLIP BOND. MALE ADULT. 43 HORTON AVENUE. HIS NEPHEW CALLED IN. CAPTAIN SAYS FOR YOU AND RICE TO HANDLE IT!
CHECK!


BOND? PHILLIP BOND? THAT NAME RINGS A BELL SOMEWHERE! EVER HEARD IT BEFORE, AL?
SURE--UPPER CRUST! SOCIETY! DOES A LOT OF CHARTY WORK--OR DID! TOO BAD, GOOD MAN-- FROM WHAT I READ ABOUT HIM IN THE PAPERS!

POLICE TRAP

HOMICIDE DOES A "WORK-UP" ON ALL SUICIDES. AT FIRST, THAT'S ALL THIS CALL MEANS TO YOU... AN UNPLEASANT CHOICE. BUT WHEN YOU GET TO 43 HORTON, YOU BEGIN TO WONDER--

SOME PLACE! IMAGINE ANY-ONE WHO OWNS A HOUSE LIKE THIS, GETTING TIRED OF LIVING!

I'M TRYING TO... BUT I'M NOT HAVING MUCH LUCK!

YOU MUST BE THE POLICE. I'M ARNOLD BOND. I CALLED YOU. UNCLE PHILLIP IS UPSTAIRS. HE'S ***DEAD!***

TAKE IT EASY, MISTER BOND! I'M SERGEANT MASON--THIS IS SERGEANT RICE. JUST TAKE US TO THE BODY!

YES--YES, OF COURSE! BUT, SERGEANT--WHY WOULD HE DO SUCH A THING? HE HADN'T BEEN FEELING WELL... BUT ***THIS***... WHY? ***WHY?***

WE'LL TRY TO FIND OUT, MISTER BOND!

UPSTAIRS, YOU LOOK OVER THE BODY... THE CORKED BOTTLE OF POISON LYING BESIDE IT. THERE'S NOT MUCH TO CHECK. THEN THE CORONER'S MEN ARRIVE---

NOW, MISTER BOND--SUPPOSE YOU TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!

POOR UNCLE PHILLIP! T-THERE ISN'T MUCH TO TELL! HE CAME TO MY ROOM A LITTLE WHILE AGO--H-HE WAS-- UPSET...

THIS IS THE SERVANT'S NIGHT OUT, SO WE WERE ALONE! SERGEANT, UNCLE PHILLIP MUST HAVE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT HIS HEALTH!

WE'LL CHECK WITH HIS DOCTOR. GO ON, MISTER BOND--DID HE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND?

NO. THAT'S JUST IT!--HE JUST TALKED--SENSELESSLY! THEN, SUDDENLY, HE PULLED THAT BOTTLE OUT OF HIS POCKET, AND SHOUTED SOMETHING ABOUT BEING TIRED OF LIVING!

HE RAN IN HERE!--I FOLLOWED, BUT I WAS TOO LATE! HE PUT THE BOTTLE TO HIS MOUTH--AND THEN HE FELL--***DEAD!*** HE MUST HAVE DIED INSTANTLY! THAT--THAT'S ALL--

POLICE TRAP

THE CORONER'S MEN ARE GONE BY THEN. YOU TURN AWAY FROM YOUNG BOND... BUT YOU ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER... EVEN BEFORE YOU PICK UP THE BOTTLE!

POTASSIUM CYANIDE! HE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE WANTED TO MAKE CERTAIN!

YES, BUT-- WHY?

SERGEANT, I-I KNOW I KEEP REPEATING THAT-- BUT UNCLE PHILLIP WASN'T THE KIND OF MAN TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE, EVEN IF HE WAS ILL--

NO. BUT HIS ILLNESS FITTED RIGHT IN WITH YOUR PLANS, DIDN'T IT? YOUR UNCLE DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE--- YOU MURDERED HIM!!

YOU BRING IT OUT FROM LEFT FIELD, AND HIT BOND WITH IT! SOMETIMES, YOU GET A MAN TO BREAK THAT WAY.-- BUT BOND DOESN'T BREAK--NOT YET--

MY GUESS IS THAT YOU FED HIM THE POISON IN A DRINK-- THEN YOU WASHED THE GLASSES AND PUT THE BOTTLE NEAR HIS HAND! AM I RIGHT?

WHY DO YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?

I DON'T KNOW. FOR HIS MONEY, PROBABLY! WE'LL FIND THE MOTIVE LATER! BUT, RIGHT NOW-- YOUR GUILT IS AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON YOUR FACE!

Y-YOU'RE MAD! I TOLD YOU WHAT HAPPENED-- YOU WILL NEVER PROVE IT D.FFERENTLY!

NO? YOU WERE ALONE IN THE HOUSE WITH YOUR UNCLE! YOU TOLD US THAT AFTER HE DRANK THE POISON, YOU TOUCHED NOTHING-- ISN'T THAT SO?

YES, IT IS! BUT WHAT OF IT? I DIDN'T KILL HIM!

BOND IS STUBBORN TO THE END. WHEN YOU HOLD UP THE EVIDENCE, HE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT. BUT, YOU'RE NOT CONCERNED. HE'LL BREAK IN A MINUTE---

DIDN'T YOU, BOND? THEN TELL ME-- IF YOUR UNCLE DRANK POISON OUT OF THIS BOTTLE AND FELL-- SUPPOSE YOU CLEAR UP SOMETHING FOR ME--

--GO ON, BOND... TELL ME HOW A MAN CAN DRINK POISON-- OUT OF A BOTTLE WITH THE CORK STILL IN IT?

The END

POLICE TRAP

YOU HATE TO ARREST AN INNOCENT MAN, BUT IT'S TOUGH KNOWING WHEN SOMEONE IS ON THE LEVEL! SO, AS A PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE, YOU HAVE JUST ONE AXIOM...THE MAN WHO FACES HIS ACCUSER MAY BE INNOCENT, BUT...

ONLY THE GUILTY RUN!

YOU AND **WILL CLARK** ARE ON YOUR WAY BACK TO YOUR CAR WHEN THE EXCITED CLERK COMES FROM THE STORE...

YOU FLASH YOUR BADGE, **DETECTIVE FRANK BOYD**, AND WITH YOUR PARTNER CLARK, FOLLOW THE CLERK INTO WINSLOW AND MARLEY'S...

YOU RECOGNIZE ONE OF THOSE MEN, WILL?
YEH, FRANK! MORSE--TONY MORSE. AN EX-CON! BUT HE NEVER TOOK A PICK-POCKET RAP... HE WAS UP FOR LARCENY!

POLICE TRAP

YOU SEE THE GLIMMER OF RECOGNITION IN THE EX-CON'S FRIGHTENED EYES, HIS FACE BLANCHING AT THE SIGHT OF THE LAW.

I'M PRINCE, THE MANAGER. MISTER WILLIS, HERE, SAYS THIS MAN PICKED HIS POCKET!

THAT'S A *LIE!* I PAID FOR THIS POCKETBOOK WITH MY *OWN* MONEY-- EARNED IT MYSELF!

HIS MONEY, HE SAYS! I HAD TWO TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS IN MY POCKET--THEN THEY'RE GONE! I SEE THIS GUY STANDING BY ME, AND RIGHT AWAY HE BUYS SOMETHING-- WITH MY TWO TWENTIES!

NO! I BEEN WORKING, OFFICERS -- GOIN' STRAIGHT! I DELIVER PACKAGES AND THINGS TO MAKE A LIVIN' -- AND I GET TIPS! I BEEN SAVIN' THE TIPS --

YOU GOT TWO TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS FOR *TIPS?*

NO, SIR! I BEEN SAV N' THE CHANGE I GOT FOR TIPS FOR NEARLY A YEAR... AND I GOT A COUPLE OF BUCKS LAST CHRISTMAS, TOO! WELL, IT'S MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY, SO I DECIDED TO BUY HER A PURSE! I DIDN'T WANT TO BRING CHANGE IN HERE, SO I TOOK IT TO THE BANK YESTERDAY AND GOT TWO TWENTIES!

HOW DO YOU LIKE *THAT* FOR A PHONY STORY? THIS MAN KNOWS THE BANKS ARE CLOSED TODAY, SATURDAY -- SO YOU *CAN'T* PROVE HE'S LYING!

DO YOU WANT THIS MAN ARRESTED MISTER? WILL YOU PREFER CHARGES?

YOU DON'T *WANT* TO TAKE TONY MORSE IN, BOYD--NOT IF HE'S INNOCENT... NOT BECAUSE HE ONCE DID TIME... BUT YOU'VE GOT YOUR JOB TO DO...

I *CERTAINLY* DO WANT HIM ARRESTED -- UNLESS I GET MY FORTY BUCKS BACK!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, MORSE? LET'S HAVE THAT PACKAGE, AND--

NO! IT'S MINE -- FOR MY WIFE!

SO FAR, MORSE ACTS ON THE LEVEL. A GUILTY MAN WOULD BE GLAD FOR AN OUT, BOYD, YOU KNOW *THAT!* YOU KNOW HE'D HAND OVER THE PACKAGE --

I'M SORRY, MORSE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO COME TO THE STATION WITH ME!

IT AIN'T RIGHT -- IT'D MEAN ME BEIN' IN JAIL TILL MONDAY, TILL THE BANK OPENS, AND I CAN PROVE I GOT THE TWENTIES THERE! IT'S MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY--I WANT TO BE WITH HER!

POLICE TRAP

THEN SUDDENLY MORSE DOES IT... HE DOES THE ONE THING THAT MAKES YOU SURE HE'S **GUILTY!**

YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' ME IN!

DON'T TRY **THAT,** MORSE---

NOT A CHANCE TO WING HIM, FRANK--NOT WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE IN THE WAY!

JUST KEEP AFTER HIM, WILL--WE'LL GET HIM!

HE'S IN THE CLEAR NOW... **SHOOT OVER HIS HEAD!**

YOU PURSUE MORSE, BOYD--YOU AND YOUR PARTNER. YOU FOLLOW THE FUGITIVE WITH THE RELENTLESSNESS OF A BLOODHOUND, AND THE WHITE-HOT ANGER WITHIN YOU MOUNTS WITH EVERY STEP YOU TAKE--

WHAT GETS ME IS HOW I WENT SOFT--THOUGHT MAYBE THE GUY WHO WAS CRYING FOR HIS FORTY BUCKS WAS MISTAKEN! YOU KNOW, MAYBE HE LEFT THE MONEY HOME, IN ANOTHER SUIT!

SUBWAY

The CHASE GOES ON, IN THE GLOOM BELOW THE ASPHALT AVENUES--YOUR QUARRY PALE, GASPING, DESPERATE...

HEY, THE TRAIN'S COMING!!

LOOK OUT, MORSE... LOOK OUT!!

POLICE TRAP

PHEW! HE MADE IT!

YEAH. FUNNY THING! ONE MINUTE WE'RE CHASING A FUGITIVE-- NEXT MINUTE WE'RE RELIEVED BECAUSE HE GOT AWAY! WELL, COME ON, WILL!

YES, TONY MORSE GOT AWAY... MADE IT TO THE OPPOSITE PLATFORM AND UP TO THE STREET. YOU STILL WANT TO BRING MORSE IN. YOU CONTACT HIS PAROLE OFFICER--

--FOUR-FOURTEEN WHARF STREET. YES, SIR, I'VE GOT IT... THANKS!

AS EASY AS THAT! WE JUST GO TO WHARF STREET AND PICK HIM UP!

IF HE GOES HOME! HE MAY STEER CLEAR OF THE PLACE FOR A WHILE!

YOU RETURN TO YOUR CAR, DRIVE TO THE EAST SIDE, TO WHARF STREET. A MINUTE LATER, YOU'RE IN THE HALLWAY OF FOUR-FOURTEEN, A SHABBY TENEMENT... AND YOU KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF A SECOND FLOOR FLAT--

YOU WON'T NEED THOSE GUNS, FELLERS... NORA'S GOT HER PRESENT! PLEASE DON'T LET MY WIFE KNOW YOU'RE COPS-- I'LL TELL HER YOU'RE A COUPLE OF PALS!

TELL HER ANYTHING, MORSE-- BUT YOU'RE STILL COMING WITH US!

YOU FOLLOW TONY MORSE THROUGH THE POORLY FURNISHED FLAT TO ANOTHER ROOM, AND YOU SEE A SIGHT THAT TEARS AT YOUR HEARTSTRINGS!

THESE ARE A COUPLE OF PALS OF MINE, NORA. FELLERS, LIKE I TOLD YOU BEFORE... IT'S MY NORA'S BIRTHDAY!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED A PETIT POINT PURSE, AND NOW TONY BOUGHT IT FOR ME! I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO USE IT--

NORA, HONEY, I GOT TO GO OUT FOR A WHILE. BUT DON'T YOU WORRY-- I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PURSE, MRS. MORSE-- HAPPY BIRTHDAY--!

THERE'S A LUMP IN YOUR THROAT AS BIG AS A FIST... AND FOR ONCE, DOING YOUR JOB IS VERY UNPLEASANT, FRANK BOYD---

IT'S NICE OF YOU BOYS NOT TO SAY ANYTHING TO NORA ABOUT THIS! ONLY I SWEAR I BOUGHT THAT PURSE WITH MY OWN MONEY!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN, MORSE! IF YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH, YOU HAD NOTHING TO FEAR!

POLICE TRAP

NO, I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN --- BUT I **COULDN'T** LET NORA DOWN -- NOT ON HER BIRTHDAY! ANYHOW, I DIDN'T PICK THAT MAN'S POCKET -- HE WAS **LYIN'!**

YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE IT, MORSE -- **ON MONDAY!**

IT'S WHILE HEADING FOR HEADQUARTERS THAT YOU SEE SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE ...

WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK, FRANK!

YOU LEAVE OFFICER CLARK TO GUARD THE PRISONER...

POLICE OFFICER -- WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

IT'S INSIDE -- IT'S AN ARGUMENT ABOUT WHO PAID FOR SOME JEWELRY OR SOMETHING --

GO ON, MISTER, CALL THE POLICE! THIS GUY TOOK A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL FROM ME -- PICKED MY POCKET!

I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT -- IT WOULD GIVE MY PLACE A BAD NAME! MAYBE WE CAN SETTLE THIS SOME **OTHER** WAY!

***THERE'S** A FAMILIAR FIGURE, FRANK BOYD, AND A VOICE YOU RECOGNIZE --*

THE ONLY THING I'LL SETTLE FOR IS MY HUNDRED BUCKS, MISTER -- AND I DON'T CARE WHO GIVES IT TO ME -- YOU OR THIS **CROOK!**

I'M NO CROOK! I WANT THE POLICE!

YOU'VE **GOT** THE POLICE, SIR!

THE MOMENT WILLIS SEES YOU, HE TURNS PALE...

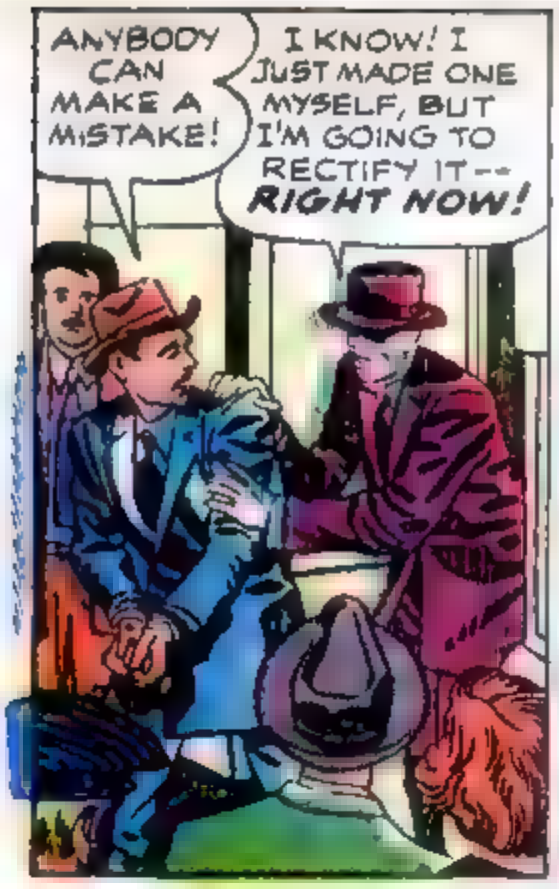
I-I DON'T LIKE MAKIN' TROUBLE! COULD BE I MADE A MISTAKE ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

YEAH, ALL OF A SUDDEN IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE MADE A **COUPLE** OF MISTAKES! ONE OF THEM IS OUTSIDE, IN THE CAR. YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN-TOWN WITH US --

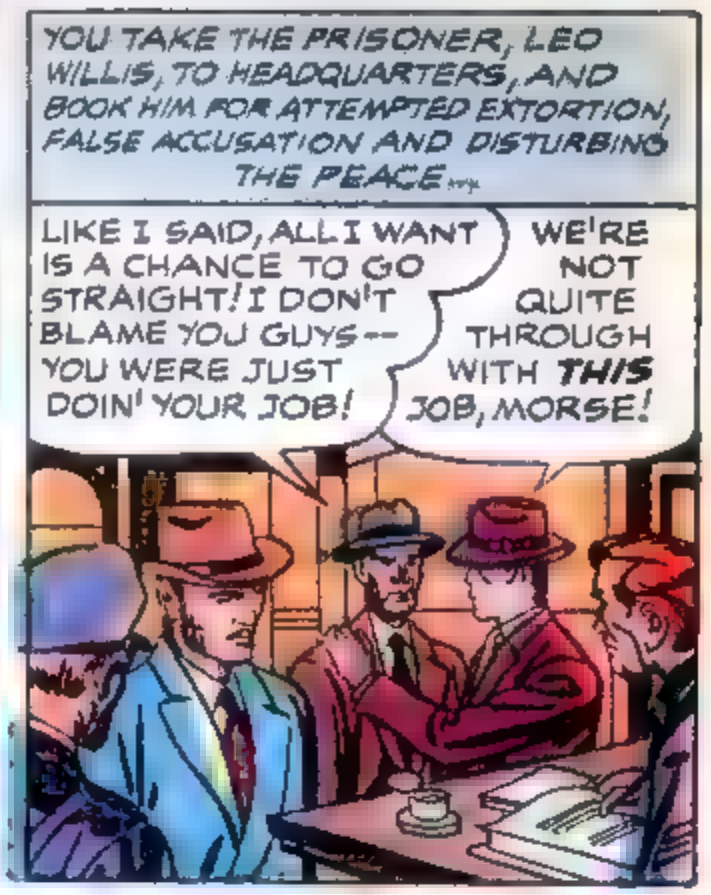
JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING! I DON'T WANT TO PRESS CHARGES!

MISTER, WE ARRESTED A MAN AT YOUR REQUEST --- NOW, YOU EITHER MAKE THE CHARGE STICK -- OR FACE A RAP FOR **FALSE ARREST!**

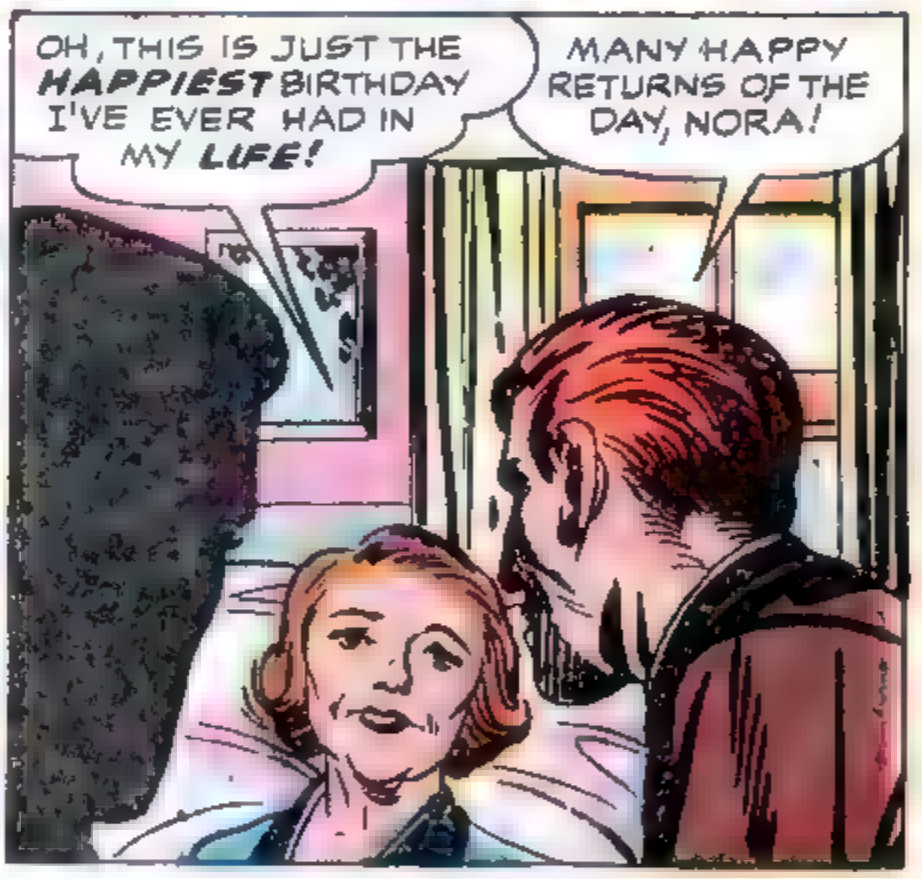
POLICE TRAP

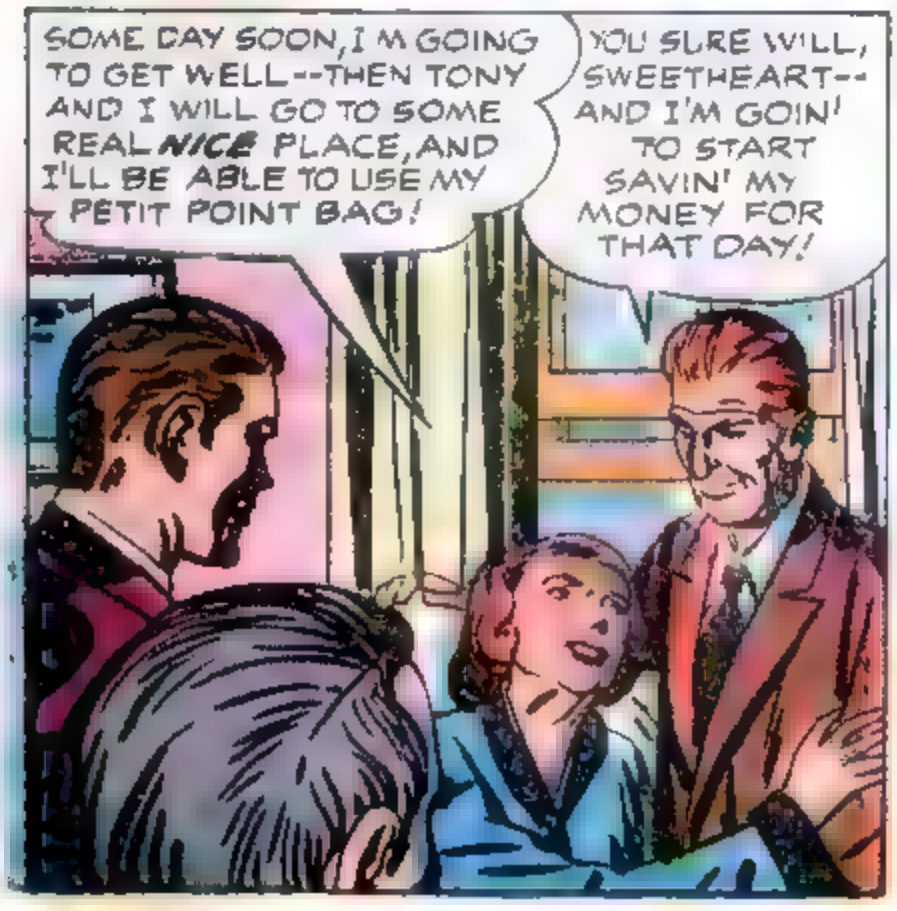

ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!
I KNOW! I JUST MADE ONE MYSELF, BUT I'M GOING TO RECTIFY IT-- RIGHT NOW!

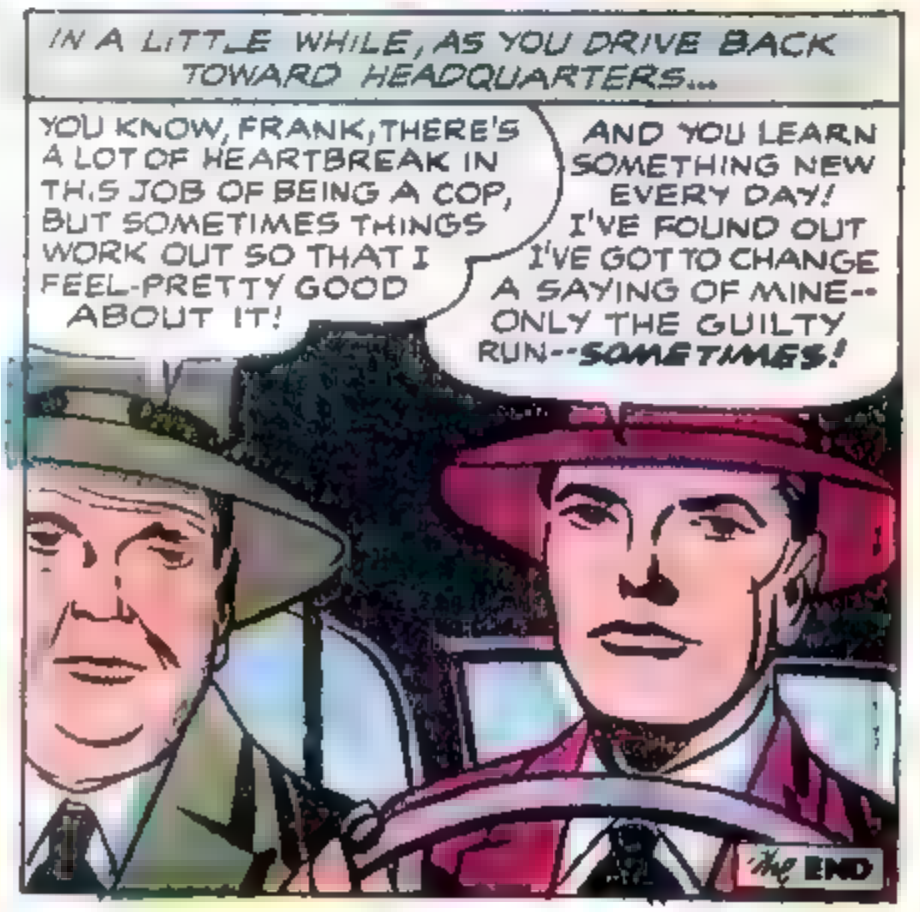
SO YOU FINALLY CAUGHT ONTO THAT PHONY-- WHAT'D I TELL YOU!
WILLIS NEVER INTENDED TO MAKE A CHARGE AGAINST YOU! WE'D HAVE TURNED YOU LOOSE, THEN--


YOU TAKE THE PRISONER, LEO WILLIS, TO HEADQUARTERS, AND BOOK HIM FOR ATTEMPTED EXTORTION, FALSE ACCUSATION AND DISTURBING THE PEACE...
LIKE I SAID, ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT! I DON'T BLAME YOU GUYS-- YOU WERE JUST DOIN' YOUR JOB!
WE'RE NOT QUITE THROUGH WITH THIS JOB, MORSE!

SOON YOU RETURN TO THE DRAB LITTLE TENEMENT FLAT WITH TONY MORSE---
IS--IS THAT FOR ME?
YES, MA'AM-- IT SURE IS!


OH, THIS IS JUST THE HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY I'VE EVER HAD IN MY LIFE!
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY, NORA!


SOME DAY SOON, I'M GOING TO GET WELL--THEN TONY AND I WILL GO TO SOME REAL NICE PLACE, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO USE MY PETIT POINT BAG!
YOU SURE WILL, SWEETHEART-- AND I'M GOIN' TO START SAVIN' MY MONEY FOR THAT DAY!


IN A LITTLE WHILE, AS YOU DRIVE BACK TOWARD HEADQUARTERS...
YOU KNOW, FRANK, THERE'S A LOT OF HEARTBREAK IN THIS JOB OF BEING A COP, BUT SOMETIMES THINGS WORK OUT SO THAT I FEEL PRETTY GOOD ABOUT IT!
AND YOU LEARN SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY! I'VE FOUND OUT I'VE GOT TO CHANGE A SAYING OF MINE-- ONLY THE GUILTY RUN--SOMETIMES!
THE END

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WORDS OF WONDER

The trouble with most people is that they talk too much. And I don't mean you have to count the number of words that come out of a fellow's mouth to say, "Shut up, you fool!" It may be just one sentence, perhaps two, but when he's said something he shouldn't have let pass his lips, then he's talked too much. Albert Gover talked for sixty seconds but that was long enough to let the shadow of the electric chair hover over him.

Every Saturday morning during the summer months, I would get up at five in the morning. My ten year old son, Herman, would tickle my toes and yell, "Hey Pop, get up. We gotta make that boat. Hurry or we'll be late." We would eat breakfast in a hurry and just before we went to the garage for the car, my wife Jeannette would go through the same ritual, "Now remember John, if the water looks too rough, don't you take Herman on that boat. You can fish on the dock. And for heavens' sake, give the fish away this time. It smelled up the house the last time you brought home those flounders."

The "Elsmere II" had seen better days in her youth. However she was now anchored off Bradley's dock on the south side of Main Street. Captain Michael Kolber, a tall middle-aged balding man was in charge most of the time. When he was away, his first and only mate, Henry Ray, took the wheel.

I liked this boat for two reasons. They didn't mind children and most people concentrated on the fishing. That meant they didn't get nosey and ask who you were or what you did. Once a man asked my son what his pop did and got the standard reply. "Military secret. Can't tell because there may be spies around."

I liked to fish near the pilot house. Herman would fish on my left side and generally a man in his late twenties or early thirties by name of Albert Gover would fish next to me. "Best sport in the world," he would repeat each time we met. "Gives you a chance to get lots of fresh air, forget the worries that bother you. Argue it out with the fish."

On this particular Saturday the boat wasn't too crowded. Competition from an increasing number of boats at the pier was biting into Captain's Kolber's business. But at least half of the twenty people on the boat were his steady ones. At noon Albert Gover opened his leather bag to get his lunch. You should see his expression change as he yelled, "Forgot to put the lunch in again! That wife of mine is always dizzy. Sits in the living room and looks at those diamond rings on her fingers. One of these days I'm going to bash in her skull and get me a woman that can cook." Maybe he was just letting off some steam. Maybe he was being a bit theatrical. Or maybe he was just talking too much. Perhaps he would have talked more but that curly-haired kid of mine shouted, "Pop, something heavy is on my line. I can't pull it up." It could have been the anchor rope But the way it tugged you could see he had something really big. "Your drag is slipping on your reel," advised Albert Gover. My son tightened the drag and brought in a blackfish that tipped the scales at eight and a half pounds. That put us all in good humor so when my stomach informed me it was time to eat I suggested to Gover, "My wife always makes more sandwiches than we can eat. What do you want, ham and cheese or tuna fish salad?" "Give him the tuna fish salad," chimed in my son. "I want the ham and cheese."

We all caught lots of fish that day and it meant that most of us would be back on the boat next Saturday. Next week we were a little late making it but Captain Kolber held the boat for us. "Look mister," he told an over-anxious new customer, "there's lots of fish in the sea. What's ten minutes more or less in a life time." And Gover managed to hold our usual places for us on the boat.

At lunch time Gover offered us some sandwiches. "Got a new girl friend," he smiled, "and see if you like the minced hams she has prepared." After my son had made four of them vanish into his insides we laughed. Henry Ray was in the pilot house on this trip because as he explained it, "Captain's got some important business to take care of. Think he wants to get a new Diesel for the boat."

The boat docked at five ten and I started for

home. It would take me about forty minutes to get to our place. At five thirty I heard a siren of a police car in back of me and pulled over to the side of the road. Patrolman Louis Richman was at the wheel and he explained things to me. "Sorry to bother you, Inspector Davis, but Inspector Matthews had to leave town on official business. A woman was just found dead at 265 East Midland Avenue, name of Hannah Gover, and they are holding her husband, Albert Gover. Any instructions, sir?"

I told him to take my son home and I would go at once to the scene. In spite of the protests of my son who pleaded, "But Pop, how will I ever be a real detective if you won't take me on a case?" I went there alone.

Albert Gover turned white when he saw me and found out what my position was. One look at his face and I knew what was going through his mind. The words he had uttered on the boat last Saturday with enough people to swear him into the electric chair. The Coroner, Doc Himelstein, gave me a quick run down on details. "Skull smashed in with a stilson wrench. Death was almost immediate. Death must have taken place about five twenty or thirty." As we figured out later, it would have taken Albert only ten or fifteen minutes to get home. I looked at the fingers of the dead woman and our suspect number one read my mind and answered the question I didn't have to phrase. "The rings are missing. But I didn't kill her. So help me, And I wouldn't take the rings. They were just cheap imitations I bought down in Mexico City two years ago. When the light hit them they seemed like the real stuff."

The case would have made the headlines of the next edition except for one unforseen event. Tommy Holland, the playboy, shot his wife, his mother-in-law, his father-in-law, and then jumped out of the window. So all this case got was a notice in the paper, "". . . woman found dead with smashed skull. Husband held as suspect." All this was on page twenty-two, if you read that page and looked for the item.

Albert Gover asked me to speak with him alone in his cell. I was about to refuse but changed my mind. Why? I don't know. He certainly looked in low spirits as he sat on a cot. "Those words are haunting me that I spoke on the boat. I know things look against me. Sure, when I saw her on the floor I yelled out the window for help. But tell me, do you think I would kill my wife?"

You had to answer the fellow. "What I think is immaterial. It's what the grand jury thinks and then the regular jury. You had the opportunity and the motive. The fingerprint boys tell me you left a fairly clear impression of three fingers on that stilson wrench. How come?"

"I'm not sure whether or not I picked the wrench up when I saw my wife on the floor," he answered. "I was sort of sick in the stomach. Like a bad dream you had, then you awake, and find it's the real thing. I know the neighbors will probably say we got on like cats and dogs, but murder is not my line."

I left him in his cell without any promises. How could I? Then I went back to my detail work at headquarters. Things were quiet for the rest of the week. Saturday came again. It was a gloomy day. I hesitated about going but Herman changed my mind for me. "Hey Pop, we'll lose our good places on the boat. Hurry before we miss it."

When we got on the boat I saw Ray in the pilot house. "Where's Captain Kolber?" I asked. Back came the reply, "Downstairs, fixing the engine. Think we got some battery trouble."

I was half way down the steps when Captain Kolber greeted me. "So you're a top man in the police force. Boy, you don't look like a flatfoot! Guess they'll burn Gover in the hot seat. Deserves it for killing his wife with a stilson wrench. What a bloody way to die."

My son Herman was in back of me and he had sharp eyes and ears. "Pop," he shouted. "The papers didn't say anything about a wrench being used to kill Mrs. Gover. The only way Captain Kolber could know about it must be that he's the killer."

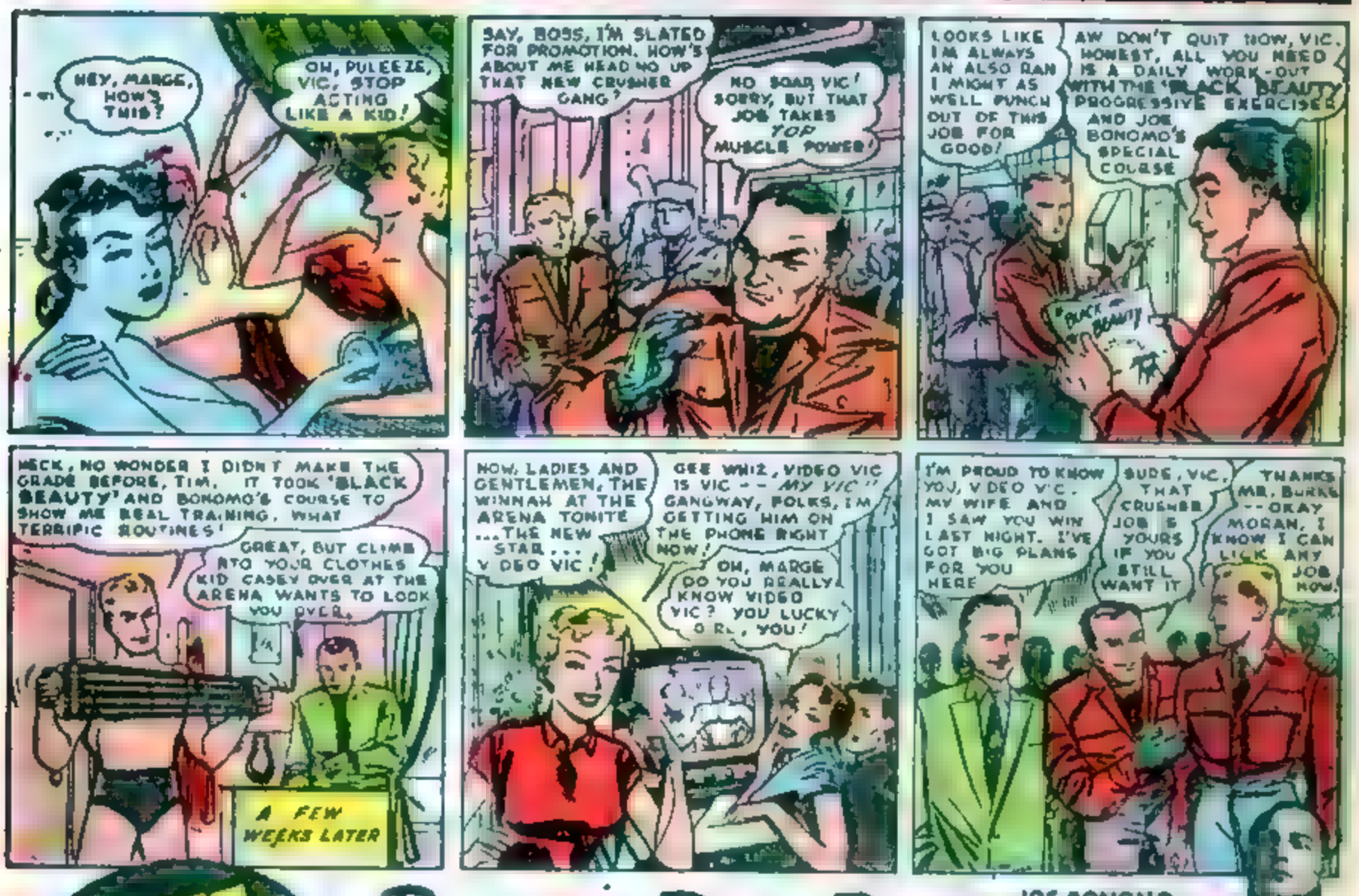
I could see the man's face turn white. He went for a hammer near on a bench. And I went for that special .32 I always carried in a holster. I made the gun before he made the hammer and two slugs stopped him cold.

Albert Gover and I were alone fishing from a rowboat. My son Herman was at a friend's birthday party. Ray had bought the boat and was fixing it up. We would be there next week.

"People talk too much," began Gover. "But for the rest of my life your kid and you will be my best friends. Captain Kolber must have gone nuts when he found out the stones were just glass." I had something to say. It didn't detract from my kid's wonderful job. "He surely must have been slow on brain power. My kid was right about the newspaper. But Kolber did hear the item over the radio. They said a stilson wrench had been used as the murder weapon. Only he got shocked when my son thought he had spotted the killer—and you see he did. If Kolber had only shut up, you and not he would be the one heading for the chair."

The End

How 'BLACK BEAUTY' TURNS AN ALSO-RAN into VIDEO VIC!


HEY, MARGE, HOW'S THIS?
OH, PULEEZE, VIC, STOP ACTING LIKE A KID!
SAY, BOSS, I'M SLATED FOR PROMOTION. HOW'S ABOUT ME HEAD NO UP THAT NEW CRUSHER GANG?
NO SOAP, VIC! SORRY, BUT THAT JOB TAKES YOP MUSCLE POWER!
LOOKS LIKE I'M ALWAYS AN ALSO RAN I MIGHT AS WELL PUNCH OUT OF THIS JOB FOR GOOD!
AW DON'T QUIT NOW, VIC. HONEST, ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY WORK-OUT WITH THE 'BLACK BEAUTY' PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER AND JOE BONOMO'S SPECIAL COURSE
'BLACK BEAUTY'
HECK, NO WONDER I DIDN'T MAKE THE GRADE BEFORE, TIM. IT TOOK 'BLACK BEAUTY' AND BONOMO'S COURSE TO SHOW ME REAL TRAINING. WHAT TERRIFIC ROUTINES!
GREAT, BUT CLIMB INTO YOUR CLOTHES KID CASEY OVER AT THE ARENA WANTS TO LOOK YOU OVER.
A FEW WEEKS LATER
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WINNAH AT THE ARENA TONITE ...THE NEW STAR... VIDEO VIC!
GEE WHIZ, VIDEO VIC IS VIC -- MY VIC" GANGWAY, FOLKS, I'M GETTING HIM ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW!
OH, MARGE DO YOU REALLY KNOW VIDEO VIC? YOU LUCKY DOG, YOU!
I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU, VIDEO VIC. MY WIFE AND I SAW YOU WIN LAST NIGHT. I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU HERE
SURE, VIC. THAT CRUSHER JOB IS YOURS IF YOU STILL WANT IT
THANKS MR. BURKE -- OKAY MORAN, I KNOW I CAN LICK ANY JOB NOW.

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The REPORTERS HAVE GOT YOU PEGGED...TOUGH COP... ALL BADGE AND NO HEART! BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? YOU'VE GOT TO GET THE TRUTH OUT OF THIS WITNESS...EVEN IF IT MEANS...

THIRD DEGREE

TWO HOURS, AND NOT A WORD OUT OF HER! YOU STAND THERE, AND YOU HATE YOUR JOB -- YOU ALMOST HATE YOURSELF... BUT YOU START AGAIN!

NOW, LOOK--A WHILE AGO, **YOU SAW** A MAN SLAIN IN A HOLDUP! **YOU SAW THE KILLER!** SO YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME HIS **DESCRIPTION!**

BUT I **DIDN'T!** I'VE **TOLD** YOU!

HE RAN INTO YOU! A DOZEN OTHER WITNESSES HAVE TOLD US **THAT!** BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW HIS **FACE!** WHY NOT MAKE IT EASY FOR BOTH OF US?

BECAUSE I CAN'T! **I WON'T!!** I'VE GOT **CHILDREN!** MAYBE YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THEM-- **BUT I DO!**

POLICE TRAP

I CARE! I'VE SENT TWO MEN TO STAY WITH THE KIDS--BUT I CARE ABOUT THE SLAYER, TOO! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID, IF YOU'D COOPERATE! WE'D GET HIM!!

MAYBE. BUT IF YOU DIDN'T--HE'D COME LOOKING FOR US! I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING---I-I DIDN'T SEE HIM!!

SHE'S LYING, OF COURSE. BUT TWO HOURS OF CONVERSATION, AND--NOTHING! ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU'RE DRY AS DUST--

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE...LIEUTENANT KELLER IN THE FLESH! DID YOU BREAK DOWN THE WITNESS YET, HAWKSHAW? WAS SHE TOUGH?

NO COMMENT!

THAT, THE REPORTERS DON'T LIKE...THEY AREN'T FOND OF YOU, TO BEGIN WITH. MAYBE BECAUSE YOU'D RATHER DO A JOB THAN SEE YOUR NAME IN THE PAPERS...

JUST LIKE THAT, EH? LOOK, KELLER, THIS IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NOT THE GESTAPO! WE'VE GOT A RIGHT TO TALK TO HER--SHE'S NOT A CRIMINAL!

OR DOESN'T THAT MATTER TO YOU, BIG MAN? I'LL BET YOU'VE GOT HER SCARED TO DEATH!

I'M DOING WHAT I HAVE TO DO!

YOU'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH, REPORTER, AND NOT MUCH SENSE BEHIND IT! I'M TRYING TO GET HER TO TELL THE TRUTH--FOR HER OWN SAKE! NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY!

WHY, LIEUTENANT, HOW YOU TALK! BUT AREN'T YOU FORGETTING? I DON'T SCARE AS EASILY AS SHE DOES!

NO, YOU DON'T SCARE HIM! YOU SCARE HOODLUMS, CROOKS--NOT THE INNOCENT!--IT'S BECAUSE OF MEN LIKE YOU THAT MEN LIKE THESE CAN AFFORD NOT TO BE SCARED ONLY THEY DON'T SEE THAT!

BACK TO THE FUN, EH, LIEUTENANT? GO ON, BEAT HER DOWN! I WONDER WHAT YOU USE FOR A HEART!

THAT'S EASY--A NIGHT STICK!!

A FAT LOT HE CARES ABOUT THAT WOMAN IN THERE! ALL HE'S INTERESTED IN IS ADDING ANOTHER ARREST TO HIS RECORD! HE'LL GET THE TRUTH OUT OF HER, I'LL BET--ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

POLICE TRAP

YOU HEARD THEM, DIDN'T YOU? ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB--THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE IN MY HANDS--SO WE'LL START ***AGAIN!***

YOU'RE AS GENTLE AS YOU KNOW HOW--LIKE THEY SAID, SHE ISN'T A ***CRIMINAL***... BUT YOU TALK ***AT*** HER... HOUR ON HOUR... UNTIL SHE IS TIRED... ANGRY!

STOP IT! ***STOP IT!*** YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE THIS!

I CAN HOLD YOU FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS--THAT'S THE LAW!

TOMORROW--THE MAN YOU SAW MAY KILL AGAIN--DO YOU WANT ***THAT*** ON YOUR CONSCIENCE?--YOUR CHILDREN--WHAT IF ONE OF THEM IS THE NEXT VICTIM?

NO!

DON'T TALK ANY MORE! DON'T MAKE ME TELL!--I'VE THOUGHT THIS WHOLE THING OVER VERY CAREFULLY--NOW I'M ALL MIXED UP!

THEN ***TRUST*** ME! I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU--FOR THE KIDS! NOW SPEAK UP--I'M LOSING PATIENCE!

SHE TRIED TEARS, SILENCE--- AND NOW ***THIS!*** YOU'VE NEVER COPED WITH A SITUATION LIKE THIS BEFORE. THE WOMAN IS PRETTY--VERY PRETTY! BUT THIS PHONEY MANEUVER MUSTN'T WORK... YOU WON'T BE TAKEN IN BY HER WILES--

I DIDN'T SEE HIM! LOOK AT ME--DO YOU THINK I'D LIE--TO ***YOU?***

IN THIS CASE... ***YES!*** NOW CUT IT OUT--- THIS ISN'T GOING TO HELP! I INTEND TO GET THE TRUTH FROM YOU!

YOU'RE NOT BEING SMART! YOU'RE ***STUPID,*** IF YOU THINK YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR KIDS BY SHIELDING A CRIMINAL! NOW YOU GIVE ME THAT DESCRIPTION, OR I'LL MAKE YOUR LIFE ***MISERABLE...*** ***YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER SEEN ME!!***

ALL RIGHT--YOU WIN--- I-I'LL TELL YOU!

YOU GET THE DESCRIPTION--FINALLY!--AND FROM IT YOU KNOW WHICH MUGG FILE TO HAVE THE SERGEANT BRING IN...

LOOK THEM OVER CAREFULLY, MA'AM--SEE ANYTHING?

I'VE GOT TO BE--***SURE!***

POLICE TRAP

THAT'S HIM! I REMEMBER THE SCAR!

THE MAN IS EDDIE MORRIS, A CHEAP HOODLUM! FROM HERE ON IN, YOU'RE ON FAMILIAR GROUND...YOU KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND HIM--

WHAT'S UP, KELLER? COME ON...GIVE! YOU KNOW WE WERE ONLY R.BBING YOU--

THE REPORTERS SENSE THAT SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED-- BUT YOU DON'T BOTHER TO ANSWER. TOGETHER, YOU AND YOUR PARTNER HEAD ACROSS TOWN--

THERE HE IS--AT ONE OF THE TABLES!

THERE'S A SIDE DOOR TO THIS PLACE--GIVE ME HALF A MINUTE...

BILLIARDS

THIS PART IS ROUTINE. AT THE SIDE DOOR, YOU CHECK YOUR POLICE SPECIAL-- AND THEN YOU GO IN---

YEAH? YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY?

YOU'RE EDDIE MORRIS--I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU--DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS! DO YOU COME QUIETLY?

POLICE, HUH? SURE, I'LL COME ALONG. WHY NOT? I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

POLICE TRAP

THAT'S IT. WHEN THE AMBULANCE COMES, THE DOC TIES A **D.O.A.** TAG TO MORRIS' LIMP WRIST, AND YOU HEAD BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

KELLER--WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, HASN'T IT?

THE MAN WE WERE AFTER WAS EDDIE MORRIS! HE PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN WE WENT AFTER HIM! SEE THE CAPTAIN IF YOU WANT THE DETAILS--

ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU'RE NOT IMPORTANT ANY LONGER. THE REPORTERS TAKE OFF WITH A RUSH. AND YOU'RE GLAD TO BE RID OF THEM--

IT'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S ALL OVER. WE GOT HIM!

THE REPORTERS ARE ALL GONE. THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU. I GUESS THEY'D RATHER GET THEIR STORY THAN HANG AROUND AND TELL ME WHAT A HEARTLESS ***HEEL*** I AM--

I'M SORRY I HAD TO ACT--LIKE I DID--

BROTHER, BUT YOU FEEL LOW. YOUR SKIN ISN'T AS THICK AS YOU PRETEND. BUT **SHE** UNDERSTANDS...

YOU CAN GO NOW--BACK TO THE KIDS--

YES--I'D BETTER. THE REPORTERS WEREN'T KIND, WERE THEY?

SHE UNDERSTANDS... AND THAT'S ALL A GUY LIKE YOU NEEDS--A JOB TO DO THE BEST WAY YOU KNOW HOW--AND SOMEONE TO ***UNDERSTAND!***

BUT YOU MUSTN'T MIND, DARLING! I'M PROUD THAT--***YOU'RE MY HUSBAND!***

The END

Mrs. Ruth Long

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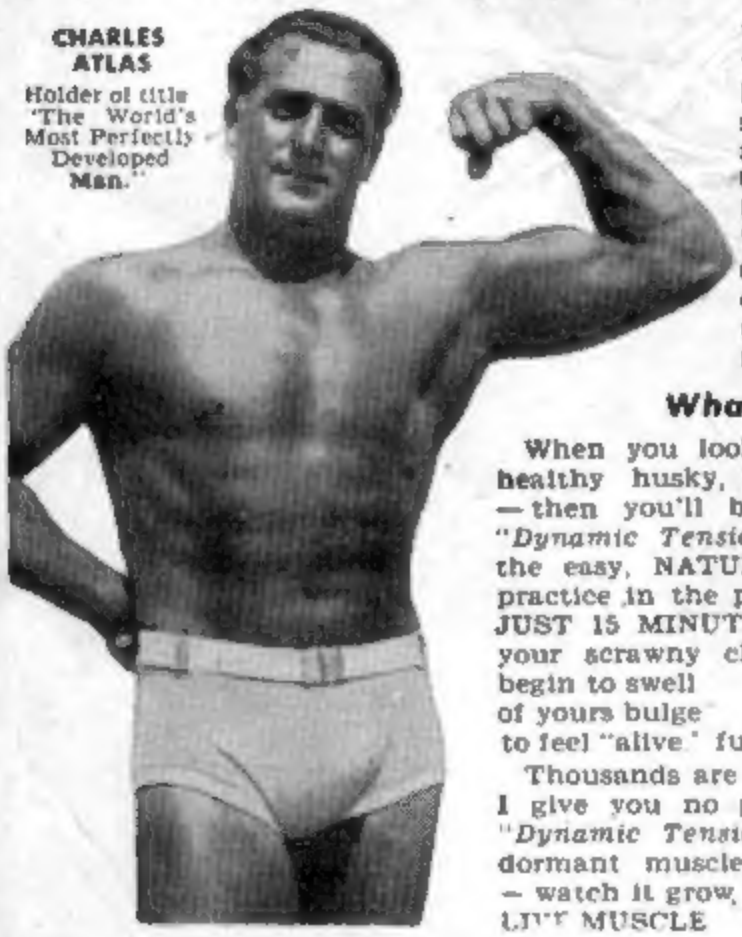
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG WHAT A BUILD NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



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